

Portland Me Apr 30/73

To Wm Lloyd Garrison

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for
your kind letter of the 28th inst. . .
Our friend Caledonia, one of the best
men I know, or ever knew, wrote
me that my favorable opinion of the
poem he sent me, and which I
left for republication with one of
our papers, to no purpose I find, was
indulgent to you. I am glad of it,
and have now to thank you for
16 sonnets enclosed in your letter.
They are all excellent, simple and
strong and there are passages of uncom-
mon ~~power~~ ^{strength}, as the "Electric blast—
"To rouse the slumbering like a thunder storm"
which beloken great inward power—
reserved power, I might say, consid-
ering how rarely you blow out in poetry.
I am glad to hear of your resolu-
tion and hope you will not forget
yourself, nor what you owe to the world.

during this changeable weather.
For myself, all I need say is that
white haired men about me, who
have had temperate lives and
escaped the whirlpools in which you
and I have delighted so long ~~and~~
dying of old age though twenty years
younger than I am, I really do
not yield a hair's breadth to the
stronger. God make me more thank-
ful! - not for life only, but for keeping
me young in heart and full of sympathy
thy for the dearest - nay, for the unde-
serving like myself.

You are under a misapprehension
about my views of Women's Rights
and Women's Wrongs. I began the
struggle forty years ago while I
was in England, and after my
return to this Country, I kept on
my tramping 11 years after year,
all the legions of servile slaves
began to look serious, and to yield

One strong point after another in
favor of woman's legal rights.
I have written much and lectured
- gratuitously - and paid the expenses
of gatherings more than once - &
now, God be thanked, I see the
heaven opening, and the restora-
tion of woman to her natural rights
clearly promised.

Thank you for your kind invi-
tation; I shall be heartily glad
to see you here. Though I cannot
promise you even a bed; having
two families on my hands, my
own, and my eldest daughter's,
a widow with three young children,
so that we have to pack my mind
in the style of screwed hay or
sardines, heads & points. But come
nevertheless, and take a bite with
us, if nothing more.

God bless you and yours
Yours truly
J. F. Johnson

